

ABRANAM LINCOLN.

And on the Tiber, nations sick with fears Have builded alters to them drenched w pars noking with a hecatomb of slain.

O Christ of Freedom, no high alters fume
For thoe, but freely flow the tears and bloc
The pure, sweet blood of thy own martyrdo
And tears of minzled rief and gratitude
From the dark millions by thy pen set free,
Led from their long Gethsemane by thee -Captain E. L. Hurgins, First Lieutenant Minnesota Heavy Artillery.

Origin of the Red Cross Society. Miss Clara Barton, so famous as the head of the Red Cross society in this country, began her career almost by chance. At the outbreak of the civil war Miss Barton was a copying clerk in the patent office at Washington. She did not anticipate any serious difficulty between the North and South. however, and even after Fort Sumpter imagined that a compromise would be effected. But on the 19th of April, 1861, a regiment from her own state, Massachusetts, was passing through Baltimore and was assailed by a mob of disaffected persons and a number killed. Miss Barton, in speaking recently to a writer for the New San of these old days, said:

"I was greatly moved, and, going into the street, found everywhere forebodings of ill. Washington was full of the partisans of the South, and there were many exclamations of joy over the incident at baltimore. cited, alarmed and scarcely knowing where I went, I fell into the current was swept away along to the Baltimore and Ohio depot. There I saw forty men covered with blood, many of them faint and helpless, landed from the cars and borne away for shelter and treatment. found a resting place at what was then the infirmary on Judiciary square, and I followed them. I did what I could for their relief, and was so deeply interested that I went again the next day and the next, and on many subsequent days. On Sunday the 21st I went to the capitol, where the regiment was quartered. I took with me five negroes, carrying baskets of provisions which I distributed among the soldiers. Some of the men were from my own town and greeted me with the feeling that they had gathered around and I stood on the steps that led to the vice presi-

dent's chair and read them the newspaper accounts of their journey and the assault at Baltimore It was in this spontaneous way that Ciara Barton's work began. She had no special training for the hospital. but her heart was full of pity and the need was great. Washington was soon surrounded by camps and the sick and wounded were brought there from the front. Before long Miss Barton resigned her position in the patent office and gave herself up entirely to the great necessity was for immediate at- in an open carriage the grand duke tention to the wounded, and, full of thought, she procured a pass from Surgeon General Hammond and, loading the line of camp kitchens are entered the mess room of the Nicholas regions. a railroad ear with supplies, went to ment, and the saucepans with their Culpeper courthouse, which was crowded with Union soldiers from the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 5, 1862. Next she loaded an army wagon tasters could not well to which parwith supplies and joined McClellan's army in Maryland. She arrived on the eve of the battle of Antietam and early the next morning she took her wagon to the shelter of a barn and there remained all day earing for the wounded and dying. By night her face was so blackened by gunthat she could scarcely be recognized from one of her own contrabands. After the close of the war Miss Barton was so exhausted that she finally, in 1869, sailed for Europe. Then came the Franco-Prussian war, and Miss Barton became a ministering angel in Germany and France as she had been in America. The pin she wears, the red cross of Geneva in a gold circle, was given her by the grand duchess of Baden. The German emperor also conferred on her

several decorations. Later came the

compared to Florence Nightingale,

thies do not turn in one direction only.

unlike her, Miss Barton's sympa-

A Large Lunch. Captain Bordier, now a civil officer at Maktar, in Tunis, gives an amusing account of an experience with some of his old Tunisian soldiers in the Youths' Companion. Some time after he had left the army and had assumed office at Maktar he met at the town of Bargon twelve soldiers of the company which he had once commanded. He was instantly recognized and sur-rounded. "They all talked at once." he says; "they hung upon my bridle and upon my stirrups; they embraced hands; they grasped my boots and the tails of my coat.

"God be praised! We have waited for you so long. Have you been well? And madame? And the children? And our lieutenant?

'He was killed in Tonquin. " May God have mercy upon him. He was a brave man.'

" And the sub-lieutenant?" 'He was in Tonquin, and is now a

lientenant and decorated.' "May God increase his prosperity." "At last I was able to dismount and

the good fellows hurried away, to come back bringing mats and rugs and cushions that their old captain might be comfortably installed.
"'Ne may offer you lunch?"

"'Yes, but it is a warm day and one dish will be sufficient.' They hastened away and I saw them holding an animated discussion;

directions. I afterward learned that the most profound of the band had proposed to the rest that they should all contribute to a dish and that his wife should cook it, but the others were full of culinary pride. It was decided that each should bring me a dish, for when I had said a single dish' I had not specified whether from 'each of you' or 'from you all together.' "I had finished an interview with the town official and was resting when I was informed' 'Sidi, your lunch is

"My twelve soldiers were approaching, each with an enormous dish. Twelve dishes to eat on that hot July day, with a terrible torrid sirocco blowing that would have destroyed the appetite of a glutton. Twelve dishes exactly alike, cooked after a recipe which no doubt had been handed down from remote ages. Twelve mutton stews, swimming in rancid oil, dressed with dry raisins, and peas as hard as bullets.

"I did my duty. I tasted of the twelve dishes and swallowed twelve mouthfuls of milk, and informed each of my hosts that his dish was good, very good, superior, delicious, agree-able, exquisite, superfine, fragrant,

savory, delectable or succulent. "They were much pleased, and de-clared that whenever I visited Bargon they should entertain me.

"I have been there since, but I in vented a way to protect my stomach and avoid hurting their feelings. I arranged an order of precedence for them according to their military rank, the number of years they had been in the service and their age. At every visit I state positively that I shall ac cept luncheon from some one of them, and I thus resist the seductions of the others and preserve my digestion, though I am no less grateful for their kindness and devotion.'

His Disability.

The fortunes of war carried us close to Henry Jacob's home and he promptly put in an application for leave to go and see his family but the enemy was advancing to attack us with three times our force and, every man counting, this permission was refused until after the engagement. We had chosen our position near a spring, but this gave out early in the day, and the men were forced to that old expedient for allaying thirst-chewing a bullet. That night Henry turned house to which the wounded had been carried and demanded to see the surgeon. That gentleman came hurry-"Now, then, my man, what is it? Onick!"

"Doctor, I want a certificate of dis-"Why, what for? You look strong

and well. "Yes, sir, but I got a bullet to-day." "Where?" asked the doctor, eyeing him. "Let me see the wound at

Henry drew a little back from the eager hands that were going over him, and stammered out, "Well, sir, I swallowed it!" The surgeon's comments gave him no leisure to hear the explanation that the ball slipped down his throat while he was chew-

Culinary Competitions in Russian Army.

In the Russian army a culinary competition takes place every year in connection with the regiments of guards The object is to keep the military cooks up to their duties. A special commission is appointed by the officer in command, and prizes are given to the successful competitors. The competition was established by Prince Petrovitch of Oldenburg, at the time he was in command of the guards. The competition this year took place at Krasnoe-Selo under the orders of She soon realized that the the Grand Duke Vladimir. Arriving contents were immediately brought in. Each of these saucepans was numbered, but in such a way that the ticular regimentch one belonged. The jury, composed of sergeant-majors, solemnly went round and tasted the food, inscribing on a printed form the number of points given to each cook for the quality of his preparations. The first prize, a silver watch and chain, was awarded to the cook of the horse guards.

Let the Marines Learn to Swim.

The seeming strange suggestion is made and strongly pressed in England that the men who man the navy should be taught how to swim. Or dinary sailors are instructed and expected to qualify in swimming, but the marines, firemen and engineers are not, and it is a fact that a large por tion of the latter large body of mer who serve on warships cannot swim It is said that many more men would Johnstown flood, where Miss Barton have been saved from the Victoria led the work of rescue, and, last of all, she has turned her pitying thoughts toward Siberia. She is often sailors who were good swimmers were undoubtedly dragged down by the men who were not. The matter has been taken up in parliament, and it is probable that swimming will be in-She is full of sympathy for all who sisted on as part of the training of every man serving atoard ship

Naval science seems to be going ahead about as fast as the romancer can get on in their imaginings. The French, for instance, are doing with submarine boats almost more than their fiction writers have managed to get into their books. A new sub-marine boat has just been launched and sent sculling about under water, which contains a crew of twelve men Hitherto the number of men accommodated in these underwater craft has seldom if ever gone above five. This boat is in the shape of a fish and it carries a torpedo at its head How discharges the torpedo forward without coming to grief itself is not explained, but this may be a state se-Everything on board is worked by electricity.

The Cocked Hat.

Even to the present day the naval full dress is incomplete without the cocked hat, and on the continent many functionaries, civil as well as military, continue to went it. Our old militia, line and field officers of forty years ago, used to wear them immense proportions. The round hat, such as Ben Franklin wore, was taken to Paris from this country by the young officers who fought for our independence under Rochambeau and Lafayette. It met with great favor

Backing Brosco Procipitated Death From a Wound Sastained Long Ago. A share of sand from the mountain side that rises just east of the old fort the other day tore open one of the graves that were made by the soldiers some years ago, says the Fort Tuleresa, N. M., correspondent of the New York Sun. and disclosed the skeleton of a man who was once well known here, who came to his death in an unusual fashion. His name was Richard Delong, but known among his associates as Long Dick When the Mexican Central railroad was first constructed Dick was employed by the company as a carpenter, and, the wages being good, he rapidly accumulated a stake of several thousand dollars. This done, he started tack for the states, and as luck would have it, in a train that was held up by bandits. That is to say, a number of bandits boarded a train at a station and started through the cars, two to each car, to rob the passengers. Dick had been in Mexieo long enough and understood such circumstances as to acquire a violent prejudice against the ordinary in- big mongrel with bound blood prehabitants. It riled him greatly to have one of them get the drop on hounds it had an enormous appetite him, and he sat with his hands under the muzzle of the bandit's revolver as pale as death. When the thief who was taking the valuables came to the seat he noticed Dick's pallor, but mistook it for a sign of fear, and so, having been very successful so far, he lost his caution for a moment and turned his head to call the other bandit's attention to Dick. That was a very bad mistake for the ban-The moment he turned his head Dick's big fist took him under the a mile away as if for the express ear. Dick was as strong as an ox, purpose of having a romp with the and the blow killed the bandit, broke little tot of three. his neck, they say.

Nevertheless, in falling the thief's Dick's side. But Dick was game and on the bandit who was on guard. off the train, and then the rest of the passengers gathered around Dick. A surgeon found the bullet was lodged somewhere in the muscles of the back, but had no instruments to cut it out. So he dressed the wound and by the time Dick got up the road to Socorro, N. M., where he intended to stop, he felt so well that he decided not to have the bullet cut out at all. He eventually recovered, to all appearances, and coning to the Tulerosa region became a cowboy. He had been here a few weeks when a man came along breaking bronchos for the cow outfit. Dick watched the man through two mounts and then said he could break one of its desire to pitch in less time than the professional could, and backed his offer with \$5. Both men mounted at the word, and both got a good shaking. The two ponies pitched as only plains ponies know how to do, but both were conquered in a space of time so nearly equal that the contest was declared a draw and a new mount for each man called for. But Dick was out of the game. He had downed his pony's spirit, but when he had done so his head rolled from side to side, because of dizziness and he was groading with pain.

"Something gave way," he said,

that d-d Mexican." He was right in his diagnosis, got off his peny, but soon fell to the ground, and in a short time died. A cargeon who examined the corpse aid the Bullet had lodged near the nain artery there and the wound was ot fully healed. He was of the pinion that it would have killed the nan sooner or later no matter how ne had cared for himself, but the tremendous jolting while trying to break the pony had broken down the wall of the artery and death soon followed. He was buried in the soldiers' cemetery near the fort.

Twelva Wedding Rings.

During the fourteenth century a practice prevailed among the wealthy Italians of having twelve wedding rings, one for each month, each set with a different symbolic stone. For January there was the garnet, for friendship; for February the amethyst, constancy; March the blood stone, wisdom: April the diamond, innocence: May the emerald, happiness: June the agate, health: July the ruby, concord; August the sardonyx, family increase; September the sapphire, to prevent strife; October the carbuncle, love; November the topaz, obedience; December the turquoise, faithfulness.

But It Is in the East. There are some curious manifestations of conservatism in this progressive country. The same conventional cuts of a cow, a horse, a steamboat and other objects that adorned newspaper advertising columns fifty years ago are still seen in some news papers of Philadelphia and Baltimore and half the butchers' account books in this country still bear a rude engraving of a fat British butcher in high beaver hat standing beside an ox. It must be nearly a century since there were any such butchers in the United States.

An Old Custom.

Probably very few persons know that the lord mayor is the only person-other than the queen and the constable-who knows the password to the tower of London. The password is sent to the mansion house quarterly, signed by her majesty. I is a survival of an old custom.

He Felt Sociable.

"I've done so little work," said the policeman, "that my biceps ar getting flabby. How I would like meet a good, slubbable fellow."

BY A WAYSIDE GRAVE.

THE STORY OF A DOG AND A BABY THAT WAS LUST.

Phantom Had More Sense Than Most Men-He Was Honored With a Grave by the Public Highway Where All Might See It.

The tourist who visits this region will see, among other things, as he drives along the trail from the railroad, a grave with a thick headboard, on which is painted the one word "Phantom." says the New York Sun's New Mexican letter.

"It's only a dog's grave," the guide will explain, "but I rockon he'd more sense than some men."

Phantom was the property of Bernard Wisner, a cowboy living near the Dantil mountains some years ago, but he was buried near the home of Daniel Chapman, whose wife was the sister of Wisner. Mrs. Chapman, when her brother first got the dog, had a hearty dislike for it. It was a dominating, and like all mongret that was never so well satisfied as with food stolen from somebody's kitchen. For many offenses of this kind Mrs. Chapman had good reason to complain, and she would have taken the Winchester and shot the hateful brute on more than one occasion but for two reasons. It was a very good hunting dog, and it would now and then play with the baby when she wanted to do houseworkcome over from her brother's bouse

However, the dog's manners kept growing worse, and one day when revolver discharged and the bullet it come sneaking around the cor-struck the seat and glanced into ral she started for the gun, but stopped half-way because she was repicked up the revolver, opened fire minded by the sight of the dog that the little one had not been about the that sent the rest of the gang flying house for an hour or two, perhaps more, so far as she could remember. So she ran out of the house quickly without the gun and called aloud:

"Baby! Baby!"

Then she listened and grew faint, for she heard no reply, and fainter still when she remembered that her husband had told of seeing a panther's track down in the hollow, near by. To think of this was to send her flying toward the hollow, but no baby or trace of it was to be found, although she looked behind every one of the scattered pines and cedars growing there. Then she came running back to the house, wringing her hands and calling "baby" distractedly. She found the gog standing right beside the door, but she would not have noticed him, she was so near wild about the baby, only for the fact that he stood looking intently at her, instead of taking to his heels with his tail between his legs, as he had always done when she came toward him. Even as it was she paid little attention to the dog. but ran hither and you about the house and corral and horse shed. crying and calling the child, until at last she saw the dog come square before her, and, after a grave look into her face, start running around the house with his nose to the ground. and it must have been the lead of She remembered afterward that he circled around the house two or three times and then disappeared. but by that time she fell headlong on the floor in a faint, and there she lay nobody knows how long.

When she came to her senses the dog was licking her face, and at once began to caper about and bark in extraordinary fashion when she opened her eyes and sat up. Then he ran cut the door and stopped and looked back, and directly came back and grabbed the skirt of her dress, which he pulled so hard that he tore it. Then she picked up a club and drove the dog out of the house, and when her burst of anger was over fainted again at the thought of the lost baby. When she revived this time she was too weak to get up, but she saw the dog was still acting in the same unusual fashion she noticed before. little later the sound of horse's hoofs gladdened her ears, and with a last effort she got up, staggered out the door, saw her husband as he jumped from his horse, and, gasping out the words that "Baby is lost," fainted for the thirl time.

Chapman carried the woman to the bed, took one look around the room in order to assure himself that he had rightly understood what she had said, and then grabbing the Winchester said to the dog:

"Hi, Phantom! where's baby?" "Wow!" replied the deg and started away on a lope that kept Dan humping himself to equal. The trail zigzagged about for nearly half a mile then crossed a broken lava bed and ran on down a draw to the creek valley; had any other dog than Phantom been on the trail Dan would not have believed the child could have gone that way, but he banked on Phantom, and kept trotting along until at last a thicket was reached just two miles and a half from home. to the thicket the dog plunged by what was really a sort of tunnel through the brush, and Chapman had to get down on his hands and knees to follow. Two rods in he came to an opening, and there on the dry sod lay the baby fast asleep. It was apparently in the den of some wild animal.

As Dan picked up the child the growl of the dog made him look around. Phantom was standing over the dead body of a recently killed

Phantom died of old age last spring, and was buried with many tears near the public highway, where all who pass can see it. It was only to see us.

A comely illustrat

spun argument. The auties speculations entitled "Alo England Roads" says that a village worthies were one day en-The laws of nature are what we all have to depend on," said the young doctor, "and they never change. It's certain that if you plant potatoes they won't come up pumpkins. You know that as well as I do, Stephen." Stephen was an elderly man, hardfeatured and sunburned, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. He spoke in a mild, inquiring sort of way. In vivid contrast with the doctor's selfopinionated tone.

"I don't know much about the laws of natur', but I suppose you mean somethin' like this, that when I let go this jack-knife it'll fall to the floor," and he stretched out a long arm holding an open snife by the blade between the thumb and finger. "Exactly." said the doctor; "that's the law of gravitation."

"And it's sure to fall and I needn't be afraid of a miracle? Look here, d otor, where did the law come from that binds it to fall? What made that particular law?"

"The learned men who have investigated the laws of nature have not yet found their origin," said the doctor, honestly. "They will in time.

"And you can't tell me what made the law that binds that jack-knife to fall down ?"

"No, I can't. It's enough to know that it will fall."

"No chance of anything supernat-

ural? No miracle?" "Nonsense! Let go the blade." Stephen's thumb and forefinger separated and remained apart. The jackknife was lot on the floor. It was hanging on the wooden ceiling overhead, its blade buried half an inch deep in the soft pine. For about ten seconds no one spoke. Stephen was looking at the doctor. "Somethin' supernatural happened, didn't it?" asked he.

"You jerked the knife up yourself!"

"Well that wa'n't nat'ral was it?" The doctor hesitated.

"Now see here, doctor," said the old man, "just tell me how old your law is that the jack-knife's got to fall down."

"Millions of years. Just as long as there has been anything to fall." "And how old is the law that said my jack-knife must go up there and stick its blade in that white pine ceiling? Just three minutes and a half by the clock. And if that's so it's always just as like as not that whoever made the thing go down will make it go up without you or me or anybody else knowin' what made it Your science is all right, doctor, just as long as it talks about what it knows, but when it doesn't take into account that somethin' may interfere, why, it ain't wuth any more'n a last year's almanac to tell a feller what the weather's goin' to be!"

HARD TO SUIT.

The Irritable Invalid Found Fault With the solemn Young Man.

A San Francisco man had been in bed for several months with a malady that made him very nervous and irritable. His wife and daughter ministered to him assiduously, but were sometimes at their wits' end in trying to satisfy his capricious desires. As the young lady said once, her father was "so unreasonable that he would scold if an angel were waiting on him." One night, when the mother and daughter were both thoroughly tired out, a young man, a friend of the family, was called in to watch with the sick man for six hours after midnight. The invalid's wife instructed him about the medicines, and especially cautioned him about disturbing the patient.

"He is very irritable," she said. "Don't speak to him except when he speaks to you, and if he is asleep when the time comes for him to take his medicine, don't disturb him."

"And, by the way," she added, as she was about leaving the room, "you may like something to read. Here is Mark Twain's Roughing It;' will amuse you but you mustn't laugh while reading it, for Mr. J- will fancy you are laughing at him and will be very much annoyed."

The young man performed his duty to the best of his ability, but on going away in the morning was thanked rather curtly by the invalid. As soon as he was gone Mr. J- broke

"See here, mother," he said. "don't ever send that numbskull to watch with me again." "Why, father, what do you mean?

Wasn't be attentive? He didn't go to sleep, did he?" "No, no, no; but I was awake for two hours, I watched him reading

Mark Twain's book all that time, and-"But, father," interposed Mrs. J-'I gave him that book to occupy his time. He-"

"Oh, yes, yes, that's all right; but that fool sat there two hours reading that book and never smiled

Danger of Pamous Guests. Little Dick-Mamma says Hon Mr. Bigghead was comin' here to dinner.

Who is he? Dick's Father, impressively-The Hon. Mr. Bigghead is a great mana very great man.

Little Dick, reflectively-I hope folks won't laugh at him for comin

mutual affection betw after they have readiscretion. On the or riage is more common-European countries. more easily form dissolved, while motiv have not the same weig tion is almost unkno wants of life in the tem of Burmah are more es than in the colder count

ern Europe.

A young Burmese con life with a da and a coo universal bamboo suppli for building the house, fire, carrying the water well, and may even help the dinner itself. The w prepared to take a sha ing the household, and gradually acquired a pe dependence not always married women elsewi been decided that, under Buddhist custom preva man a husband cann property jointly acquired riage without the consen Few marriages take either party is und usual age is between

Polygamy now prac exists, although in an Burmese were polygan slave-holders. "Most only one wife, and a two. The first, or usually the choice of t his youth, and when have children she ofte choice of a young wife. to obey her." The es divorce is obtained is of the causes why pe rare. The terms of divi on ancient rules, one of the party wishing the se take his or her property the other party takes all cluding the children. I against caprice in hus merely public opinion, demns too frequent divo self respect of women vents them from mari who has divorced his freely. The privilege dom in this respec rarely abused. rare, a fact attribu perhaps, to the high pied by women in Burmese s the care with which marriage tracts are entered into and 1 treme evenness of temper characterizes both seves

Mysterious Disappearance. "There is something that I bring to your attention."he exp as he stepped into police h

"Very well." "It's a case of mysterious pearance.

'iou don't say so!" and the er's nostrils twitched eagerly. ly like those of a story book

"Yes, and something like occurred before." "You amaze me."

"I don't wonder at it. I'm at myself. It happened yesterda ternoon. There were three p men in sight. Two men star row in the middle of the street instantly the policemen were Now, what I want to know is they disappeared to."

And the official scratched his thoughtfully and said he would round to the scene of the occurr in a week or so and see M he cou find a clus.

An Awful Shock. There is a little mother Northeast Minneapolis sixteen-months' infant s' apple of her eye, and wi apple of her eye, and whom she dently regards as son ething heavy-weight. She sosides a squares distant from the scene of explosion of the other morning her house was one that felt shock. A friend afterward expre his sympathy.

"And did you really feel the plosion?" he asked.
"Yes, indeed," she shook the house from lar."

.. What did you think ter?" he curiously que of bed," was the unex -Minneapolis Tribun

A Gentle Re Mr. N. Peck stood b wife of his bosom with ating complacency. I lecture to ask him wha ning about

"I was just thinkly the patient man repl valuable acquisition you the Board of Lady Mans

Smull French Far On French farms from fifteen acres is the small on which a man can some other work. The less ske out their inco work 80 soon as a li some money he buye I